

Raemaekers, the Genius Who Stirred the World by Cartoons

Great War Gave Hollander His Opportunity and Beshallity of Huns Furnished Material in Plenty

By THOREAU CRONYN.

RAEMAACKERS has the distinction of being the only cartoonist who has stirred the whole world. Nast drew Tweed from the trough in New York, but beyond the seas his name was probably unknown. No single picture has moved France more than Forain's simple vision of the little blue rider steady in the trench at the beginning of the war, saying "Now if only the civilians keep true!" But Forain, although this ought not to be so, is hardly better known off the Continent than were his great predecessors, Daumier and Gavarni.

As for the "Dropping of the Bomb" of Sir John Tenniel, who adorned the pages of *Punch* for half a century, this cartoon has had longer life after the event that inspired it than will perhaps be accorded to anything of Raemaekers. Yet it would be idle to say that the international appeal of Tenniel and his international public compared with those of the Hollander. There were no hot coals of a world war for Tenniel to touch; the existence of the Blond Beast was all but unsuspected.

Price of 12,000 Marks on Head.

There is no profit in speculating upon what another genius would have done if placed as was that of Raemaekers. The fact stands alone that placed as he was Raemaekers had both the eyes to see, at the very outset, that the cause of the war and of deeds that we do not like to think about now, but must lay in the German character, and the hand to him that truth so that all peoples might also see it. Yes, even Germany saw, and did him the fine compliment of setting a price of 12,000 marks upon his head.

One hundred of the drawings which made Berlin howl are reproduced in the second volume of "Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War," which has just been published by the Century Company. There are to be four volumes in the series, each covering a year of the conflict. The subjects of the present one deal with the second year, beginning August, 1915, in the course of which there were events summing the artist to his best work.

At the outset Germany was held to a defensive line in the west, but was still driving through Poland and, having occupied Warsaw, was vainly offering Russia separate peace. Goaded to the pencil of the cartoonist were the further developments of the second twelvemonth. Bulgaria lined up with the Central Powers. Serbia and Montenegro were ravished as was Belgium, over which the wrath of Raemaekers first blazed. The wabbling of Greece and repudiation of her treaty with Serbia were susceptible of sardonic treatment.

Crown Prince Ample Material.

Raemaekers found no end of material in the massacres before Verdun as the Crown Prince threw his men upon the French spear in the prodigious offensive that began in February, 1916, and was finally crushed by July 1. In the meantime the Russians in the Caucasus and Armenia had routed the Turks and taken Erzerum, and by June the Russian northern armies had "come back" and were tearing up the line from Riga to the Carpathians. In the last month of the second year Raemaekers was following the "big push" in the west, Russia advancing in the east, Austrians retreating in the Trentino and Italy starting her spectacular thrust on the Isonzo.

Among these major operations in the field, as J. Murren adds, compiler of the collection, remarks, the cartoonist did not neglect to record other incidents. Says Mr. Allison:

"The various and devious peace moves of the enemy did not escape his comment nor did the cold blooded murders of Nurse Cavell and Capt. Fryatt. He has recorded also many



THE ANNIVERSARY, AUGUST, 1915

Bernhardt: "Have we not surpassed your most sanguine expectations?"



TRUTH

As painted by the German Chancellor

examples of German Zepplin ruthlessness and German prayer on the sea. Notable among the latter is the Sussex crime and its subsequent diplomatic developments which were to play such an important part in America's entry into the war.

The first cartoon in the book is "The Anniversary, August, 1915," one of those THE SUNDAY SUN has selected for reproduction. The reader need only be reminded, in relation to this picture, that the total estimated casualties of the war's first year were 11,529,895.

The poem with a pipe in his mouth and his fist in the Crown Prince's eye requires no comment.

"Truth, as painted by the German Chancellor"—the statesman and the

daunted lady depicted at the lower left-hand corner of the group of cartoons on this page—is accompanied by this excerpt from the remarks of Von Bethmann-Hollweg in the Reichstag on December 9, 1915:

"It is well known that France granted loans to Russia only under the condition that it develop its Polish fortresses and railroads against us; also that England and France regarded Belgium as their route of advance against us. We must protect ourselves politically and militarily against this, and also insure our economic development.

"As I said on August 19, we are not the ones who are threatening the small nations. We are battling in this struggle, forced upon us, not to subordinate foreign nations but to protect our life and freedom. This war remains for the German Government what it was in the beginning—a defensive war of the German nation for its future."

The text for the cartoon in which the Kaiser, a disreputable mountebank, is shown saying, "Well, Mr. President, if you insist, we shall try to behave like gentlemen," Raemaekers found in the note of May 8, 1916, from Foreign Secretary von Jagow to the United States Government:

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This related to the sinking of the Sussex. The central cartoon above, "To the End," was published without explanation or footnote, and certainly needs none here.

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TO THE END
War and Hunger: "Now you must accompany us to the end."
The Kaisers: "Yes, to my end."



LOUIS RAEMAACKERS

CARTOONS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE CENTURY CO.



The Crown Prince, 1914: "Now the war begins as we like it."
The Crown Prince, 1915: "But this is not as I wished it to continue."



"WELL, MR. PRESIDENT, IF YOU INSIST, WE SHALL TRY TO BEHAVE LIKE GENTLEMEN"

Brussels. In his 29th he was director of a school for drawing in Wageningen. He was at first a painter of both landscapes and portraits, and still is when he has time.

He started in 1906 to make political cartoons, attaching himself to the *Telegraaf* of Amsterdam, whose editor, Mr. Schroeder, was jailed in 1915 for violating what he called the "tainted neutrality" of his own countrymen—the charge being partly based on despatches that reached the *Telegraaf* telling about German rule in Belgium and partly on the deadly home thrusts at Germany dealt daily by the brush and pencil of Raemaekers. The Dutch people effected the editor's release in a few days, and he left the prison to continue his work on the same day that his cartoonist received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the hands of his French comrades and conferees, Fortain.

Raemaekers went to London to place a few of his cartoons on exhibition and stayed there for a time because the English were taking the war too lightly.

"They made fun of it in their comic papers," he said in New York later. "As for me, I can see nothing funny in the war. It is all a terribly serious business to me, and the war has become my business in the full meaning of the term. My sole business is drawing cartoons. That will be my sole business until the Germans are defeated."

In the same year, 1916, Raemaekers used a curious word when responding to a toast at a dinner in Paris: "It is due to the *Telegraaf* that I am here," he said. "I have been able to write what I have written." Upon reflection the French critic Gustave Kahn decided that the verb was chosen advisedly. Said Kahn:

"His art is graphic; he writes rather than depicts; his prime object is to argue; his productions are not violent, they are just. Caricature, as it was conceived by the greatest of poets of the pencil, a Daumier for example, exerts no influence on this art. It is not caricature, for there is no violent facial deformation, mythical or deplorable. Simple phrases, no place here. Simple strong phrases are needed to interpret the great drama; the draughtsman seeks to reproduce the most statueque, the most salient, suggestive, of those phrases; to mark clearly the chief point of the drama is his first, his abiding care."

Junkers and the Crown Prince Favorites to Deride—Drawings in Four Volumes Form a History

of his superiors dictated by a barbarous conception of war—at that very moment the trooper is an inflated ironmonger of some petty town of Hesse or Pomerania.

"He has discovered this new element, which makes his soldiers so different from those of the old military painters; his faces are carefully studied and doubtless reproduced from memory."

This is just comment. Deny it as the Germans did and ever will, his war pictures of them were real. You saw it instantly. Even in his exaggerations he was forever setting a likeness of the beings who committed the foulness upon which, because he so loathed it, he dwelt so insistently. One of the cartoons in the new collection of his work represents a head of bloated swine gathered over the body of Edith Cavell. With what would be classified under other circumstances as a gives one of the animals a sure of spectacles, and lo, it is one of these war justifying and candid German professors.

Fit the Real Junker Type.

To another he gives a monoid, a warrior is still a pig. It is a mistake to mistake that too familiar type of Junker officer and noble—probably a Graf at least. And with a final biting touch the artist insists that an Iron Cross shall dangle from the curly tail of the prize porker, posture so all may see. The wonder is that the reward offered by the German authorities for the capture of Raemaekers anywhere in German-occupied Belgium was the trifling sum of 12,000 marks.

To quote the French critic once more:

"His method is excellent and he handles it as well as he seems to have created it. He has taken the talent of an individual and he has wished to discover Raemaekers' affiliations and his ties with his nation. One must recall the Dutch of the old days, to whom Raemaekers was a low and hospitable, free-thoughted artist. The artist who who cherished the *Telegraaf* must have no doubt a certain amount of the masses. It was the Dutch who gave the first place to Raemaekers. And it is from this that Raemaekers' intellectual and moral character is born. That Louis Raemaekers, and friend of the Dutch, is a Dutch artist is a recognized fact in the eyes of the world."

Raemaekers said in New York when he went to England: "I thought his pictures were too good. That pleased him very much."

Pleased at Making the English

"It has been my aim since the breaking out of the war to present the British character of the German. The brute is in them and I have tried to bring it out, but try as hard as I can I cannot depict it strong enough. I cannot make my pictures as brutal as the actual war."

It was Raemaekers' belief that he excited his indignation, and that him the indignation and pity of the world. He mused long over a photograph taken in Belgium of eighteen dead Belgian girls and said: "I cannot draw a picture like that. I cannot make my pictures as brutal as the actual war."

Then there came the Holland from Belgium, a letter from his who had attended a Belgian school. She had died after being captured by German soldiers and officers. Sending of these things and other things Raemaekers said:

"You see I have an object in my pictures as strong as I can. I want to bring home to the people the civilized countries what the civilized nation is doing. What they who are no mock sentimentalists. They who are not German in spirit and in mind made to see the beast they have slain."

And when Raemaekers landed in New York two years ago almost the first words he said, and said quietly, were these: "I know it is better—I know it is impossible to still it would be better—if all the Germans could be wiped off the face of the earth."

Some Famous Dwarfs

JEFFREY HUDSON, the story runs, was introduced to Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I, in a big venison pie. When the pie was opened out stepped Jeffrey in all the dignity of his eighteen inches and made a charmingly obedient to the astonished and delighted queen. She took the little man into her service.

Now this Jeffrey Hudson was of stout heart and possessed an adventurous spirit despite his diminutive proportions. He fought two duels, one with a turkey cock and one with a certain Crofts, who faced Hudson armed with a "quirt" and was forthwith "shot dead." Twice Jeffrey saw the inside of prison; once when he was captured by the French on his way across the Channel, and again when he was taken by Barbary Coast corsairs. To round out his career of adventure he was accused of complicity in the "Ponchi plot," and spent the last of his days in the Gate House in 1632.

Another famous dwarf was Borulwaski, the Pole, of whose debut an interesting story is told. As a boy of 15, when he was just one inch higher than a two foot rule, Borulwaski was presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, who was so charmed by his appearance that she claimed him on her lap. To the queen's questions as to what he considered the most interesting sight in Vienna the dwarf replied: "What I now behold, so little a man on the lap of so great a lady."

This speech made the little fellow most popular. He became a special favorite of Stanislaus II, who took him to England and introduced him to George III, and for more than half a century Borulwaski made his home at the English court.

yard and three inches, had a sister whose head just reached his brother's shoulders. Borulwaski was not only a handsome man and a courtier but a scholar of repute. He lived in five reigns and was laid to rest in Duham in 1837.

Richard Gibson and his wife, who lived in the seventeenth century, were a remarkable pair, quite apart from their inches, which combined barely made up seven feet. Both were clever painters of miniatures and Gibson was drawing master to the daughters of James II. At their wedding, which was arranged by Henrietta Maria, Charles I gave the bride away, the queen placed a valuable diamond ring on her finger and Edmund Waller, the court poet, wrote a poem in honor of the occasion.

Among other dwarfs of interest was Philotas, who acted as tutor to Polynay Philadelphus, and who was said to be as light as well as short that he carried weights in his pockets to prevent his being blown away. Then there were Coropas and Andromeda, two tiny hand maidens of Julia, niece of Augustus, each of whom was but twenty-eight inches high. Richebourg, who died in Paris in 1538, was just one inch under two feet.

It is a curious fact that most of the famous dwarfs attained ripe old age. Borulwaski was only two years short of the century when he died. Richebourg was 90, Gibson was 74, while his widow died at 83 years.

Among those in the service of the late Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, who found themselves without a job upon the abdication of that ruler, was the clever dwarf, Mohammed Selim, who stands twenty-eight inches in his stockings. Mohammed Selim is said to be a linguist of attainment and a musician of no mean ability.

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The Original Spartacans

THE German revolutionary Socialist party which has taken the name of the Spartacus group has chosen an ominous patronymic.

The original Spartacus was a deserter from the Roman army, just as most of the German rebels are deserters from their army. In consequence of his desertion Spartacus was sent on capture, to be treated as a gladiator, the Roman idea being that it was a pity to kill deserters without giving them an opportunity to delight the populace with properly staged death struggles.

Spartacus objected, and raised a mutiny in the gladiator school. The gladiators broke loose, led by him, and established themselves as bandits on Mount Vesuvius.

Nominally a popular movement, it was really a slave rising, and bands of robbers from Spartacus' "army" ravaged the whole country, killing, burning and destroying.

At the height of their power they dominated the whole of southern Italy and sacked many important towns.

Spartacus then apparently adopted the idea of escaping with his troops to Gaul, and reached the Alps after breaking through all resistance. His

armies, however, did not want to leave Italy, and so he marched back again, nominally to attack Rome itself. This, however, he did not do, but passing to a flank, made for the coast, meaning to conquer Sicily.

The rebels could not agree and both German and Gaulish slave contingents separated from the main body, to be individually defeated.

Spartacus took the remainder to a strong position in the Calabrian Mountains near Strongoli. Here a pitched battle took place, and Spartacus, who had killed his horse with his own sword before going into action, was slain on the field. Government troops under Pompey the Great, who had returned from Spain, cut to pieces the rebels who had escaped, and the original Spartacus movement was at an end.

The twentieth century version is not dissimilar. The Spartacans are mostly deserters from the army and the lower elements of the population. Their leaders appear to have lacked the military genius of the original Spartacus, but to have all his taste for pillage and massacre. Indecision, disunion within the ranks, and a refusal to submit to law and order, have made the fate of the second Spartacus movement as unpleasant as that of the first.

New York's Tunnel Street

NEW YORK can claim the distinction of having the strangest street in the United States. Few persons except those living in the immediate vicinity know its name, although it has been in use more than four years.

The oddest fact about the strange street is that it runs through a mountain. That there is a mountain in New York probably is news to many New Yorkers. But it was the presence of the mountain that necessitated the street; it was a case of either going over the mountain or through it. It was easier to go through, although it was rather expensive. Hence the street.

In appearance the street differs from any other in the city. Its entrance is enclosed and there is a short flight of stairs, six in number, leading down to the walk. Two large electric lamps mark the entrance at night.

From beginning to end there is not a break in its course. No avenue crosses it. Its design is simple. There is nothing artistic about it. And yet it serves its purpose as effectively as any other street. It is called Tunnel street, and it is appropriately named because it has been cut through the mountain at 151st street and Broadway, in Washington Heights.

Persons living to the west of the entrance, in the section known as the Broadway Canyon, are the ones who find Tunnel street most convenient. They use it not only to reach the city station at 151st street and Broadway, but also to reach St. Nicholas avenue, which is reached at Nicholas avenue street, the leading business thoroughfare on the Heights.

Before Tunnel street was cut through the mountain more than four

years ago residents of Broadway Canyon had either to climb the incline or to use a circuitous route to reach the business district. The conditions hindered those who wished to reach the subway station. Naturally this state of affairs militated against the building up of the Heights. The mountain loomed in the path of all development.

Finally Tunnel street was cut through at a cost of approximately \$75,000. A concrete structure, very presentable or inviting place, was erected to mark the place where the street began on Broadway. The subway station at 151st street and Broadway was reached by a set of stairs. It is a city street and was built for general use as much as for the purpose of affording access and egress to the subway station at that point. Elevators at 151st street and Broadway, which are used by the thousands, dispose of those who wish to reach St. Nicholas avenue many feet below the level of Tunnel street.

Tunnel street was christened George McAnany, who at the time the street was opened was president of the Borough of Manhattan. He said: "On behalf of the people of New York I name this street."

One might suppose some New Yorker would know of Tunnel street or at least of its location. But now it is not nearly as well known as it once was. Park street and St. Nicholas avenue are the main thoroughfares of the Heights. And the street is known to many people. And many persons who use it daily are not aware that it has a name, and that it is called Tunnel street.